Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eyebals roule with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruiteleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the louers wend,
With league, whoſe date, till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploy,
Ile to my Queene and beg her *Indian* boy:
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſters viewe, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte.
For nights ſwift Dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger:
At whoſe approach, Ghoſts, wandring here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and floods haue buriall,
Already to their worme beds are gone:
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black browed night.
Ober. But we are ſpirits of another ſort.
I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made ſport,
And like a forreſter, the groues may tread
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes, into yellow golde, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding, haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Pu. Vp & down, vp & down, I will lead them vp & down
I am feard in field & town. *Goblin*, lead them vp & down.
Here comes one. *Enter* Lyſander.
Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now.
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.
Enter Demetrius.
Deme. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh. Where doeſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward art thou bragging, to the ſtarres,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for warres,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is defil'd,
That drawes a ſword on thee.
De. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice: weele try no manhood here. *Exeũt.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on:
When I come where he calles, then he is gon.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;
I followed faſt: but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day,
For if but once, thou ſhewe me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.
Robin, *and* Demetrius.
Robi. Ho, ho, ho: Coward, why comſt thou not?
Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before mee, ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Rob. Come hither: I am here.
De. Nay then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhat buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light ſee.
Now, goe thy way. Faintneſſe conſtraineth mee,
To meaſure, out my length, on this cold bed:
By daies approach looke to be viſited.
Enter Helena.
Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night,